THE STORY TELLER

The End of a Dream

By H. S. CANFIELD.

JANE WARE; 30 years old; school teacher in the primary grade of Aldborough; spinster and orphan; had a dream. It was a dream of purple hues, shot with gleams of gold and suffused with the glow of roses. It abode with her for many years in both waking and sleeping hours, and she loved it dearly. This dream was of Europe.

It seemed to her that if she could stand within the shadow of the old palaces of the continent, watch the dust rise from its older roads and listen to the stranger speech about her, life would have little else to offer. The dream changed its pattern. Sometimes it held the many spires of Cologne against a blue sky; sometimes it was filled with the jagged summits of Swiss mountains; sometimes the Campagna rolled away smooth and dark before her eyes; sometimes she stood upon the Coliseum's hoary walls mid the chief relics of all mighty Rome, while the trees that grew along the broken arches waved dark in the blue midnight and the stars shone through the rents of ruin. Jane Ware knew her "Manfred," which is to say that, faded and a spinster, she had much of romance lurking beneath her flat bodice.

So, with the numerous, nameless small economies which only decent spinsters know how to practice, the turning of gowns and denial of car rides and scrimping of luncheons, she saved and saved. It is strange how the clippings and shavings from a salary of even $60 a month will grow with the years, if only the saver have the fortitude of a Spartan. She began when 20 years old—when the dream of Europe was five years old—and now at 30 she found herself the owner of 2,000 cash dollars deposited to her name in the Aldborough savings bank, concrete witness to the long wearying, but splendid fight she had fought. It was to be given to her to realize her dream, something that comes to few of us, and she was happy.

Spring came, and with each vanishing day Europe drew nearer. Aldborough is one of those towns of 5,000 people in which everybody knows and is interested in everybody's business, so the dream of Jane Ware had been common property for a decade. It caused some merriment at first, but that ceased as the patient, meek figure plodded to its daily task and once a month stole with light step into the savings bank. Now all of the Aldborough citizens were glad be-

"WHEN DO YOU SAIL, MISS JANE?"

cause she had won her battle. The old jocular, mocking inquiry: "Going to Asia this year?" was changed to: "When do you sail, Miss Jane?" to which she answered with a pleased flush and a smile that retained its plaintive girlhood sweetness: "In June, God willing."

"For the Lord's sake, Miss Jane, said John Wright, the mayor, "don't go personally conducted, along with a herd of other humans. You buy a ticket that entitles you to go so far and be fed three times a day, and they rush you like you were sheep bound for market. Every other traveler spots your gang as soon as it heaves in sight, and they laugh at you and make remarks about your being a cattle-car crowd. You couldn't feel worse if you were a band of convicts being led about as horrible examples. I tried it once."

"I shan't go that way," Jane said. "I have been saving along time, Mr. Wright, and I have money enough to spend six months there. I have my leave of absence, too. Oh, think of three months in Italy!"

In May Jane Ware's traveling outfit was bought and made. It was neat, sufficient and inexpensive. Some liar had written a book in which he said that there was no soap in Europe, and she had laid in a supply. She put in her spare hours studying foreign languages, three at a time, and she got the French, German and Italian sadly mixed. She had not less than a hundred commissions in her note book to be executed for fellow townsmen. Mostly they were of this character: "My cousin, Tabitha Smith, went to Paris ten years ago to study art. I think she is there yet, as we have not heard of her leaving. Please call on her, and tell her that we are well."

In May—on May 18, to be exact, Paul Darcy came. He was from the office of the state superintendent of public education, and his cards bore the formidable title "Third Assistant Superintendent of Public Education." He was visiting the schools of the state and collecting data with a view to reporting how bad they were. He met all of the teachers everywhere, and made various impressions upon them. Most of the women liked him; most of the men wanted to punch his head. He was a very superior person, and his drawl rubbed the males the wrong way.

Paul Darcy was 35 years old and looked 30. He was pale, soft-voiced, with exquisite enunciation and exquisite nails. His thin, straw-hued hair was beautifully parted and brushed, and he was fascinating in a ladylike way. He spent three days in Aldborough, two of the three in the room dominated by Miss Ware. He was tremendously interested in primary education, and he talked fluently of Europe. He said that he had lived for two years on the continent.

He went back to the capital, leaving behind him an interested memory. Jane Ware thought of him with an uneasy flutter of the heart. She did not know what this meant, but the poor little heart fluttered when she thought of him and when his name was spoken unexpectedly she had a slight catch of the breath.

She knew nothing of love. She had been utterly untouched by it. She was not an unhandsome woman, but she had been too busy saving for Europe to waste time upon men. She had gone little into society, because society even in a modest way requires new clothes and new clothes cost money that should be devoted to continental travel. Any one of the chits in the high school could have told her what was the matter with her before half of her symptoms were described, but she was ignorant.

Early in June Paul Darcy came back—"to pick up some neglected data." He boarded at a private house within a block of Miss Ware's small room. He saw much of her. Indeed, he saw her every afternoon as soon as she was released for the day, and every evening. He made love in a slow, beautifully enunciated way, much as he would have recited a carefully prepared address to a board of trustees, but she found no fault with it. No one had ever made love to her. It seemed altogether noble and delicious. His straw-colored hair was never disarranged; his linen was never rumpled; he uttered fine sentiments of the school of Martin Farquhar Tupper; he was to her a knight and prince. Love poured its silvern light upon him; in it he stood transfigured, a worshipful thing, a hero.

Any listener to their conversations would have noted, between naps, that he talked a great deal about himself, but this never jarred upon Jane. What finer, nobler subject could he have found? Largely, after they became engaged, his talk was about his book, for he was an author. This book was to make him famous; this book was to make him rich; this book, once it was printed and its merits understood of a few, was to run through countless editions; there was to be a constant, ever-increasing demand for this book; it was to be translated into all modern tongues, because the nations were to realize that it was the one thing needed to their development. The name of it was "The Level of Pedagogic Motion." It presented all the science of pedagogy so succinctly, so eloquently, so masterly that the education of the races was assured. There was a conspiracy of the publishers against it. He knew it to be a conspiracy because it was not to be supposed that ten publishing firms could be so fatuous as to fail to see its merits. The conspiracy was inspired and directed by the "text-book trust;" there could be no earthly doubt of that. Therefore he intended to publish it at his own cost, a cost certain to be returned to him a thousandfold within a year. Then he and his wife (happy blushes here!) would visit Europe together, viewing and instructing its great educational institutions. He nearly approached eloquence at this juncture. The sum needed, joined to his own resources, was $2,000, and he hoped, by careful economy and industrious essay-writing, to amass that much in a year's time. Then wealth and position would be assured.

Jane Ware leaned forward, a faint flush tinging her thin cheeks, all of a woman's beautiful devotion and self-sacrifice in her eyes:

"Dear," she said, "I have that much; it is yours."

"But your visit to Europe!" he remonstrated, in faint protest.

"I can wait, until—until we go together."

That was two years ago. She got a chilly letter the other day. The writer was going over the pages of "The Level of Pedagogic Motion." It needed considerable emendation and amplifying; he could not say just when it would be published; he was pressed for time to attend to his business correspondence.

Faded is the dream of the Coliseum's hoary walls and of the trees that grow along its broken arches.

FINDS EVIL IN PIANO STUDY.

Doctor Discovers Much Playing Before Sixteen Leads to Nervous Disorders.

It would usually be considered that to teach children to play the piano was a perfectly harmless proceeding—for the children. But if there is any truth in the statements made by a Berlin doctor who has been carefully investigating the matter it would appear that the learning of the piano has its risks.

Out of 1,000 young girls who began to learn the piano before they were 14, 600, the doctor has discovered, were affected by some kind of nervous disease, while out of 1,000 other girls who had not been taught the piano only 100 suffered in a like manner.

The doctor recommends that the study of the piano should not commence until after the age of 16.

WAR REMINISCENCES

SOLDIER! SOLDIER!

Soldier!
Soldier!
Swart of face and lithe of limb,
Lips that smile and still are grim—
It is fine to see you come
Swinging with the rolling drum,
Swaying to the trumpet song
As you swiftly march along—
Soldier!
Soldier!
How the bayonets all swerve
When your ranks come round the curve—
With the banner that you serve!
There's a tingle in each nerve;
And the blood begins to thrill
As the blood of battle will.
Soldier!
Soldier!
When you come with clank of steel,
Clinking spurs and rumbling wheel,
Then we hear the roar that pealed
Over some far battlefield;
Hear the rushing of wild feet
And the shock when foemen meet.
Soldier!
Soldier!
When you come in this array,
Then we look away—away—
Where the crushing battle sound
Quivers through the shaking ground,
And the brazen bugle calls
Over parapets and walls.
Soldier!
Soldier!
When they bring you home some day—
Bring you back from out the fray—
We may stand and look and weep
Where you fold your hands in sleep,
But the bugle and the fife
And the drum will call to life
All the memories of you
When you swung across our view.
Soldier!
Soldier!

—W. N. D., in Chicago Tribune.

LINCOLN'S WAY ROUND.

Got a Soldier Boy His Discharge in Spite of the Secretary of War.

Many stories of Abraham Lincoln turn upon his tact. One was told recently before the Middlesex club and repeated in the Boston Herald. During the civil war a Bridgeport boy, returning from school, was taken by a bounty agent and hurried to the front without his parents' knowledge. His father, the late Judge Beardsley, had sought in vain for his release, and a delegation of citizens, who appealed to the secretary of war, met with a gruff refusal.

In the hope of being able to accomplish something, Congressman Brandegee and Senator Dixon, of Connecticut, determined to use their influence in behalf of the afflicted mother. They visited the secretary of war and asked for the boy's release. Mr. Stanton instantly roared out an absolute refusal. He had decided that case before. The boy had taken his money and enlisted. If he should discharge all the minors whose mothers wanted them at home there would soon be no soldiers at the front.

Leaving the war office the congressman and senator went to the white house and appealed to the president. Mr. Lincoln heard the case with sympathetic interest and at once wrote on an envelope:

"Let young Beardsley, of Connecticut, a minor enlisted by fraud in the 75th New York regiment, be discharged and sent immediately to Washington.

"A. LINCOLN."

The two men returned to the war office and showed this order to the secretary. He glanced at it, crumpled it in his fingers, threw it on the floor and said: "I won't do it!"

"Shall I report that to the president?" Congressman Brandegee asked.

"Yes!" roared the secretary. "And you may add that I'll resign my portfolio before I'll adopt such a precedent as that!"

The men reported to the president everything that had occurred.

"Did Stanton say that after reading my order?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes," Mr. Brandegee replied, expecting an explosion.

"Well," Mr. Lincoln said, with a slow smile, "I guess he would do it. We must find some other way to get that boy back to his mother."

He took a piece of paper and wrote to the commanding officer of the regiment: "Discharge young Beardsley and send him to Washington.

"A. LINCOLN."

In a week the boy was in his mother's arms at Bridgeport.

VITALITY AND PLUCK.

Terrible Wound Did Not Deter a Soldier Boy from Leading a Charge.

As an instance of remarkable vitality and pluck I believe a surgical case we had at the battle of Lexington, Mo., in September, 1861, will equal anything during the war, says the American Tribune.

A member of company E, Thirteenth Missouri, was struck by a cannon ball which carried away his arm and shoulder, and also lacerated his chest. This happened about four p. m. the first day of our fight. The boy was picked up and carried to the hospital, but as the case was considered hopeless and many others to attend to, nothing was done for him until 11 p. m., when all the other wounded had been cared for. Finding him still alive he was carried to the table and his wounds carefully dressed, but with no expectation of recovery. On the seventh day Price's men captured our hospital, which was in a brick building some 200 yards to our right, and our wounded were put in a cellar to be out of the way of bullets. When our men charged to retake the hospital this boy seized a gun in his one hand, ran out with arms at trail from the cellar, and led the charge into and through the building. He lived through the trials and exposures of our imprisonment and is living to-day.

ACROSS THE BIG BLACK.

Odd Exchange of Courtesies Between Yank and Reb at Long Range.

"Some time ago," said Col O. H. Williams, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean, "I met down in Mississippi Col. Montgomery, now Gen. Gordon's chief of staff. He lived in Edwardsville, near where our division crossed the Big Black in May, 1863. His daughter married the son of that Mr. Champion who owned Champion Hill, and the old battlefield is now the property of that daughter. This association with the field of our operations, nearly 40 years ago, led to a very pleasant acquaintance, and the colonel told me a good many stories of the Vicksburg, and other campaigns.

"At the time Grant's army was maneuvering south and east of Vicksburg Montgomery was chief of the confederate scouts, and posted his men at the crossings of the Big Black river to watch the movements of the union army. On one occasion, when the scouts in blue came up on the opposite side there was brisk firing, but it was not effective. After a day or two of this sort of work, the confederates became restive, fearing they were being held at that particular point to serve some purpose of the union commander.

"It seemed, however, that the Yanks were as restive or as tired of the useless firing as the rebs, for one rainy day the officer in command of the union skirmishers made his way to the extreme front, and shouted across the river: "Hello, Johnny, who is in command over there?" Montgomery, under cover, replied that he was, and asked what was wanted. The union officer answered that he was tired of the durn fool firing; that it was a waste of ammunition without doing any good for either side, and proposed that they agree to stop it, and that there be no more shooting except one party or the other attempted to cross the river.

"Montgomery expressed his willingness to discuss the matter, but asked the union officer to take the initiative by standing up and waving his handkerchief. The officer did so, and Montgomery stood up also. Thereupon the Yank said: 'What is the use of shoot-

"WHAT IS THE USE OF SHOOTING?"

ing?' and asked the confederate to come over for conference. He explained that his quarters were in a house near, where he had abundant supplies, including some very good whisky, and if the Johnny would come over they could refresh the inner man while they were discussing the agreement as to shooting.

"Montgomery conferred with his men, and every one of them was against the adventure. However, Montgomery decided to accept the invitation, and, jumping into a small boat, rowed across. He was received hospitably, was taken to the captain's headquarters, and was given the best of all that was in the house. As the rain still continued, he was persuaded to stay all night, and slept in the same room with his host. He awoke during the night, and wondered what had happened to him, and where he was. Bewildered, he sat up in bed.

"After rubbing his eyes, he recalled the incidents of the day, and wondered if he had walked into a trap. Just then his host said: 'Better than sleeping out in the rain, isn't it? I tell you, captain, there is no sense in plugging away at each other across the river.' Both lay down again, and the next morning Montgomery returned to his side of the river, his men viewing his start toward them with amazement. He explained the situation, and for a time the men on the Big Black stood guard without shooting.

"This incident was, of course, the merest trifle, when considered in its relation to the battles at Jackson, Champion's Hill, and the Black River bridge, or when considered in association with the great campaign that culminated in the siege and fall of Vicksburg. In the rush of tremendous events, it was forgotten by the two participants, who, swept apart by the high tide of war, never saw or heard of each other again. Montgomery does not remember even the name of the union officer who entertained him on the Big Black, but if that officer should ever step off the train at Edwards Station, he would meet with a royal welcome from at least one old confederate."

Masculine View.

Wife (reading)—Here's an account of a man who hanged himself with his suspenders.

Husband—Married man?

"Yes."

"That accounts for it."

"How does it?"

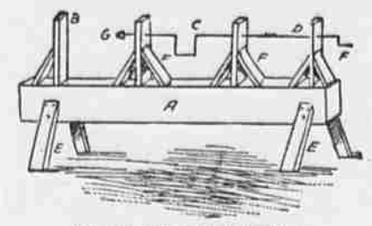
"His buttons were probably all off and he had no other use for suspenders."—Chicago Daily News.

THE FARMING WORLD

HANDY WORKSHOP TOOL.

Cheap Force Feed Drill Press Which Can Be Used for a Variety of Purposes.

I have a cheap force feed drill press that is very useful on my farm. A timber (a) 4x6x6 feet, is suported by legs (e), like a trestle. The uprights b and d should be longer than shown, that they may be tied together at the top, as the outward strain is considerable; both center uprights are 2x4x12 inches. All



WOOD OR IRON DRILL.

up rights are braced as shown at f f f. The bit stock (c) is made by bending a one-half or one inch round rod into shape as shown, or may be purchased at a hardware store. A feed screw is shown at d, which may screw into the wood, or a nut may be attached to the front side of rear upright. A tool chuck (g) is screwed to the end of the bit stock. Loose blocks of wood are placed between the bit and the front post (b) as needed. By using twist drills, either wood or iron may be bored.—George T. Price, in Farm and Home.

MODEL GERMAN FARM.

House and Barns Are Lighted and Heated by Electricity and Ventilated by Fans.

At Quednau, eastern Prussia, is a dairy farm managed by Prof. Backhaus. It includes 450 acres and produces 1,000 gallons of milk daily. The Engineering Record is authority for the statement that the buildings are all lighted by incandescent lamps, and the grounds, in places, by arc lights. The current is supplied from a small central station containing a 50 horsepower engine, direct coupled to two generators, and a switchboard for the control of the various circuits, all parts of which are so simple and plainly marked that any farm hand can understand and operate it. In addition to the lighting, power is supplied for the pumping of water and the driving of saws, feed cutting and threshing machines, a grist mill and an electric churn in the dairy. Besides these stationary power appliances, there are a number of electrically driven agricultural machines for use in the fields, including an automobile plow, all of which are run by storage batteries and may be charged at conveniently located sub-stations. To round out the completeness of the equipment, the barns are heated by electricity and ventilated by motor driven fans, and all parts of the farm have telephonic intercommunication.

Virginia Hog Experiment.

An attempt was made by the Virginia station to determine the effect of wide, medium and narrow rations for hogs on the relative development of fat and lean. The pigs used were from five to nine months old. One lot was fed on corn meal alone, nutritive ratio 1:9.05; another on corn meal, bran and beef scraps, nutritive ratio 1:5.82; a third on corn meal, cotton seed meal and beef scraps, nutritive ratio 1:2.35. All the hogs were fed in pens. Those fed the narrow ration containing the cottonseed meal all died in from eight to ten weeks, with the usual symptoms of cottonseed meal poisoning. Of the other two lots the one receiving bran and beef scraps, in addition to corn meal, made 18 per cent. better gain than the lot fed corn meal only. Not the slightest difference in the proportion of fat and lean could be detected in the meat of these two lots of hogs.

Fish That Cannot Swim.

More than one species of fish is met with which cannot swim, the most singular of which, perhaps, is the maltha, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl or walk or hop, after the manner of a toad, to which animal this fish to some extent bears a resemblance, and it is provided with a long upturned snout. The anterior (pectoral) fins of the maltha, which are quite small, are not capable of acting on the water, but can only move backward and forward. Both these and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes, and could not serve for swimming at all. Other examples of nonswimming fishes include the seahorse, another most peculiarly shaped inhabitant of the sea, which resembles the knight in a set of chessmen and the starfish.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Banquet on Uncooked Food.

In New York recently about a hundred people participated in a meal of uncooked food called "elementary food" banquet. Bread, meat, sugar, tea, coffee and most of the ordinary condiments were omitted. Even water was tabooed, apparently because the city article has to be "cooked." Such articles as mashed wheat soup, Persian prunes and pure fruit juices figured in the bill of fare. The object is said to be to emancipate women from the cook stove and make housekeeping a comfort.

Be industrious in good weather; you need not fear famine a few bad days.

INCREASING SWARMS.

Experienced Beekeeper Tells Why He Prefers the Driving to the Shaking Method.

During the past ten years there has been considerable written for the bee journals in regard to obtaining increase in the apiary by shaking bees from the frames of strong colonies containing brood. Some advise shaking all the bees from the frames and removing the swarm to a new stand in order that some of the bees will return to the colony to care for the brood. There are but very few bees that return to the parent colony except those of working age.

Working bees that gather stores are too old to nurse brood. If the bees are all taken from a colony containing much larval brood and but little hatching brood, some of the brood will be apt to perish even if the honey is left on the old stand.

If swarms are made by shaking bees from the frames, only part of the frames should be shaken. The colony can be removed and the new swarm placed on the stand it occupied. Some of the working bees will return to it, which will be needed, as the swarm will be small if only part of the frames are shaken.

I prefer driven swarms to those shaken, as they are more like natural swarms. When a swarm is driven, enough young bees will stay with the brood to care for it. I have drummed them until no more would leave the combs and had the colony do well. If the drumming is thoroughly done, there will be no bees old enough to carry water. A little should be sprinkled on the frames, or if they are in box hives it can be poured in the holes arranged for surplus twice a day for a day or two.—J. A. Dean, in Farm and Home.

IMPROVE BY SELECTING.

Never Sell the Best Poultry, But Keep the Good Layers to Better Your Flock.

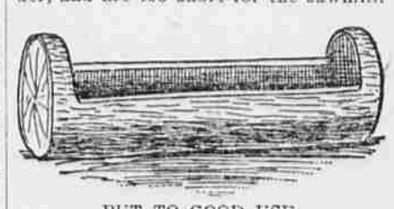
All over this country farms and farmers have grown poorer through the method of selling off continually and not bringing anything back to the land. This same is true to a large extent with all our live stock, poultry included. For years the huckster has come along, and each time he passes he selects the very best of all your poultry to buy for market. By the time he has bought all you have to sell, you will have left for your own use the culls of all you grow. This continues till we hear you say: "The huckster or commission man is too particular to buy our stock," when the facts are there is nothing left but weeds.

Under this way of doing the farm goes to weeds, all the stock goes to weeds, and the owner and his family into rags. To avoid all this, never sell the best of anything unless there is more of it than you need. With fowls be sure to select all the best for your own breeding and for egg producing, and sell those you do not want. Never sell the best, keep them to breed from. The best is none too good for this. By thus selecting, year after year, we shall soon have a flock the poorest of which will excel the best of former years.—The Feather.

LOG WATER TROUGHS.

Every Farm Should Have One or More of These Useful, Home-Made Conveniences.

Most farm woodpiles have two or three old logs lying about which nobody cares to tackle with ax or blasting powder, and are too short for the sawmill.



PUT TO GOOD USE.

If straight, they will make good water troughs. Square the ends, mark off as in the cut about ten inches from each end, chop out the inside and trim the edges. An inside coat of oil or pitch tar will increase wearing qualities.—Farm and Home.

How Eggs Are Kept Fresh.

In Germany eggs are kept fresh for any length of time by simply immersing them in a ten per cent. solution of silicate of soda, commonly called "liquid glass." This produces the formation of a coating which renders the eggs perfectly air-tight. The eggs so treated retain their fresh taste for many months. The best proof of the efficacy of this treatment has been furnished by the fact that such eggs, after having been kept for a whole year, were hatched and the chickens were strong and healthy. The preserving solution is best prepared by dissolving one pound of liquid glass in four quarts of cold water. The eggs are then immersed in this solution, which should be kept in a glazed earthenware vessel, and the eggs are kept in the solution for a short time. If one of these preserved eggs is to be boiled, the shell must be first perforated in order to prevent cracking.

Gravel and Sharp Shells.

Gravel is valueless unless it is sharp. As soon as the fowl rounds off a sharp substance in the gizzard, it is voided; hence, hens prefer sharp shells to round gravel. The reason they eat more shells—or more sharp grit of any kind—when they are laying is because more food is then required, and consequently there is better digestion. If an egg has specks or flakes of lime on the shell it does not imply that it is due to feeding oyster-shells, as the same thing occurs when no oyster-shells are given. It may also be due to the food. As a rule such hens are fat. Some kinds of gravel are of limestone and of exactly the same composition as oyster-shells.—Farm and Fireside.